

# OUR DUMB Animals

STATE LIBRARY OF MASSACHUSETTS

JUN 22 1961

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON





Editor—WILLIAM A. SWALLOW

Assistant Editor—ALBERT C. GOVERNOR

Circulation Mgr.—MARY C. RICHARDS

★

#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year—\$2.00. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.50 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.20. Make checks payable to Our Dumb Animals.

★



**A**RE you planning to move? If so you will not wish to lose any copies of our magazine and as the post office will seldom forward mail of this sort you should let us know promptly about your plans.

Please try to tell us at least six weeks ahead of time because subscription lists have to be made up well in advance. Be sure to give us both the new and the old address and your name, exactly as it is given on the magazine. If at all possible include the address label from the most recent copy.

One of our greatest difficulties is reading handwriting. Won't you please print just as legibly as possible when sending instructions?

★

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Second-Class postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

# Animals

VOLUME 94 — No. 6

JUNE, 1961

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868-1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910-1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

AND

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

★

#### Officers

DR. ERIC H. HANSEN, President

WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Vice-President and Secretary

WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Treasurer — Senior Vice-Pres., First Boston Corp.

EUNICE C. PICKETT, Asst. Treasurer

★

GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D., Vice-President in charge of Veterinary Medicine  
J. ROBERT SMITH, Vice-President in charge of Properties and Foreign Affairs  
JOHN C. MACFARLANE, Vice-President in charge of Agricultural Education  
PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

★

#### Trustee of Permanent Funds — Old Colony Trust Company

##### INVESTMENT ADVISORY COMMITTEE

LLOYD D. BRACE, Chairman of the Board, First National Bank of Boston

WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Senior Vice-President, First Boston Corp.

GEORGE F. BENNETT, President, State Street Investment Corp.

★

JOSEPH P. MOONEY Nat'l. Field Secretary	MARGARET J. KEARNS Administrative Ass't.	LESTER A. GILES, JR. Dir. of Education
DONALD H. HANSEN Field Secretary	J. ROBERT McLANE Dir. Public Relations	ALBERT C. GOVERNOR Ass't. Editor
		DAVID S. CLAFLIN Hospital Administrator

#### Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Prosecuting Officers in Boston  
Tel. (complaints, ambulance) LONGWOOD 6-6100

HERMAN N. DEAN, Chief Officer	
GERALD E. GRIFFIN	CARL BRAGNER
HERBERT CASSIE	ROBERT J. MURRAY
WALTER E. KILROY	JAMES M. MURRAY

Middlesex, Norfolk & Suffolk Counties

#### County Prosecuting Officers

JOHN T. BROWN, Wenham	Essex
HARRY C. SMITH, Worcester	Worcester
ROBERT J. MURRAY	Bristol and Plymouth
HAROLD G. ANDREWS, Hyannis	Barnstable
	Dukes and Nantucket
AUGUST R. HELBERG, Ludlow	Berkshire, Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin

Nevins Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter  
Methuen MU 7-7453  
JOSEPH E. HASWELL, Superintendent

#### Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

Boston, 180 Longwood Avenue	LO 6-6100
Boston, 109 Northampton Street	HI 5-2296
Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street	RE 4-7353
Pittsfield, 244 Cheshire Road	HI 7-7878
Hyannis, State Road Rte. 28, Centerville	SP 5-0940
Wenham, Cherry Street	HAMILTON 546
Brockton, 226 Pearl Street	JU 6-2053
Martha's Vineyard, Edgartown	Tel. 401
Nantucket, Atlantic Avenue	Tel. 1491W

#### Branches and Auxiliaries

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — CARROLL A. DOLAN, Pres.; MRS. HUGH TATLOCK, Sec.  
Martha's Vineyard Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — Foote Memorial — MISS KATHARINE CORNELL, Chairman  
Winchester Branch Auxiliary — MRS. FRED CARDIN Pres.; MRS. JOHN H. CLARKE, Treas.

#### The American Humane Education Society

LESTER A. GILES, JR., Director of Education  
DAVID A. RYAN, Asst. Director of Education  
ROBERT FREY, Asst. Director of Education

#### Educational Staff

Dr. William G. Vinal	Mrs. Edward Bidwell
Alvord Wildlife Sanctuary	
Kimball Wilderness Preserve	
Robert Frey, Director	
Lester DeRoche, Warden	

★

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

180 Longwood Avenue Boston, Mass  
Tel. LONGWOOD 6-6100

#### Veterinarians

GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D., Chief of Staff  
C. LAWRENCE BLAKELY, V.M.D., Dir. of Surg. Service  
TODD O. MUNSON, V.M.D., Dir. of Med. Service  
THOMAS C. JONES, D.V.M., Pathologist  
RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.  
JEAN HOLZWORTH, D.V.M.  
MARGARET L. PETRAK, V.M.D.  
ROBERT C. GRIFFITHS, D.V.M.  
JOHN E. WILLSON, D.V.M.  
GUS W. THORNTON, D.V.M., Asst. to Chief of Staff  
RICHARD M. ROBERTS, D.V.M.

#### Rowley Memorial Hospital and Shelter, Springfield Telephone 5-7353

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.  
JAMES V. LEYDEN, Office Manager

#### Veterinarians

ALEX R. EVANS, V.M.D., Chief of Staff  
WILLIAM E. ROY, D.V.M.  
JOSEPH M. STOYAK, D.V.M.

#### Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Clinics & Shelters

WILLIAM A. WILCOX, D.V.M., Veterinarian in Charge  
Northampton Street Animal Clinic  
RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Veterinarian in Charge

---

## A Scientist Speaks

**W**E talk much today about living in a scientific age. Over and over again we are also told that the hope for the future lies in an ever-enlarging education. Little is heard from the heads of American educational institutions of what might be called the profounder needs of our present civilization, of those moral and spiritual values without which no nation ever was or ever can be great. True, we owe much to science, and we owe much to those educational forces which have given America a place in the world of intellect.

But if ever this land in which we live needed to realize that something more than science and something more than the training of the human intellect was needed, it is today.

It is long since we have read wiser words than those among the last spoken by Charles P. Steinmetz, and words which both scientist and educator and political leader, as well, should ponder. He was no preacher, no professor of moral philosophy, but one of America's leading scientists, a marvel of his day as a student of some of the mightiest forces that rule in our physical world—and this is what he said:

"Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history. . . . Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have hardly been touched. When this day comes, the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has in the past four."

E. H. H.

---

**N**OTHING can bring to many men and women who are blind a greater sense of independence than the companionship of an intelligent, well-educated guide-dog.

As more blind people are trained and teamed with these dedicated dogs, it becomes more important for us to know something about the way they work together. We should know how to act when we encounter a blind person and his dog. The blind fellow knows what to do—the guide dog knows what to do—but how about *you*?

First, remember that the blind person is just like you in every way, except for lack of sight. And even this difference has been minimized when he has a good guide dog at his side. He wants to be treated like the independent person he is.

Let us say you see a blind person and his dog halted at a street crossing. Do not hustle up and grab him by the arm. Make sure first that he really does require some help and is not just taking a moment to orient himself. If it does appear that some guidance is in order, it is well to remember the following points:

- 1) Always approach on the blind person's *right* side. Almost invariably the dog is at his left.
- 2) Do not touch or take the blind person by the arm without first asking, in a quiet tone, if he would like a little help. To seize the person's arm without warning is likely to startle both dog and master. Under no circumstances take hold of the dog's harness. This can only confuse the dog and throw him off his routine.
- 3) If the blind person does welcome your help, offer him your left elbow. He will take it and drop the harness handle as a signal to the dog that he is "off duty" temporarily.
- 4) Always guide the blind person all the way across the street and up on to the



*Do you know how to act,*



opposite curb, where the dog will again resume its duties.

It should be noted that dogs are color blind and therefore have no way of reading traffic lights. But the guide dog and his companion can generally tell when the light is "with" them from the sounds of traffic or movements of other pedestrians.

Sometimes you will find yourself seated



in a restaurant near a blind person and his dog. Do the blind diner a favor and do *not* offer tasty morsels to the dog. The blind person looks after his dog's diet very carefully. The animal is well fed and does his job most efficiently when the recommended diet is followed.

Another natural impulse is to pet a dog.

# When You Meet This Man...

Do *not* pet a guide dog when he is in harness—when he is on the job. At the same time, the guide dog is like any other dog *when he is out of harness*. He likes to romp and to be petted. Ask his master's permission first, however.



In whatever circumstances you happen to come across a blind person with a dog—on the street, in a restaurant, on a train or at someone's home—don't make the mistake of being *over* attentive. Too much attention can be unsettling to the dog when he is "working."

Try to remember that while the blind person appreciates attention in the same way we all do, he wants his friends and others he meets to be natural with him not unnecessarily solicitous.

The blind man or woman with a guide dog enjoys independence because of the faithful dog and is quite naturally proud of it. The blind person with a dog likes to get around on his own and doesn't appreciate attention he doesn't need.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



## Courtesy of Guiding Eyes for The Blind

Most of us understand that it takes a special kind of dog to make a good guide dog—an animal with better than average "intelligence" an even temperament and just the right instincts.

### CALLS FOR COURAGE

What is not so well known is that it takes a special kind of person to go through the training with a guide dog. It calls for an adjustment that many a blind person is not able to make and it requires more courage than most sighted people can imagine, even to make the first decision to accept the training.

As for the actual training, no part of it is easy. Before he re-enters the mainstream of life with a well-educated guide dog at his side, the blind person must go through a rigorous, concentrated course that requires determination of a high order.

Pity should have no place in your approach to the man or woman you meet with a guide dog. Quite the contrary, here is a person to be admired and respected for the victory he has won with the aid of his faithful guide dog.

For further information concerning the GUIDING EYES PROGRAM write: Mr. Peter F. Campbell, Director of Student Selection, GUIDING EYES for the Blind, Inc. Yorktown Heights, New York. Please mention this article and the ANIMALS magazine.

### "OPEN HOUSE" FOR DOG GUIDES

Every so often a blind person and his guide dog is refused entrance to a restaurant, a store, a theatre, or a conveyance. Forbidding dogs on the premises is one thing, but not allowing a blind person and his guide dog entrance to public conveyances, public amusements and places of public accommodation is another thing. A guide dog, when he is "working" and "in harness," becomes a blind person's "eyes," and thus, in a sense is a part of the blind person's being. Thus, a blind man is accompanied by his "eyes," not by his "dog."

Recently an acquaintance was refused entrance to a public restaurant because he was accompanied by his guide dog. There was a sign in the front window: "NO DOGS ALLOWED!". Yet, the man, accompanied by his sighted wife, did not honestly think the proprietor meant guide dogs. He, therefore, after his wife had

read the sign aloud, suggested they go in anyway. Unfortunately, the couple were asked to leave with the guide dog. A patron witnessing this scene spoke up and told the proprietor that there was a law allowing blind people and their guide dogs to frequent public places. Nevertheless the couple were still forced to leave. How embarrassed the man was for his wife! He became so upset that he called the local authorities concerning the matter. The proprietor was then informed by official sources that he was not within his rights when he had asked this couple to leave his restaurant. The couple were then invited back to the restaurant to be the guest of the proprietor, but, alas the damage had already been accomplished and a free meal could in no way heal the hurt that had been done.

In the state of Massachusetts there is a law pertaining the *Guide Dogs in Public Places*.

It reads as follows:

Chapter 272, Section 98A, 1938,  
155, (1):

ENTITLING BLIND PERSONS ACCOMPANIED BY "SEEING EYE" DOG, SO-CALLED, TO CERTAIN ACCOMMODATIONS, ADVANTAGES, ETC.:

"Notwithstanding any other provision of law, any blind person accompanied by a "seeing eye" dog, so-called, which dog is used as a leader or guide, shall, if such dog is properly and safely muzzled, be entitled to any and all accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of all public conveyances, public amusements and places of public accommodation, within the commonwealth, to which persons not accompanied by dogs are entitled, subject only to the conditions and limitations applicable to all persons not accompanied by dogs, and no blind person shall be required to pay any charge or fare or on account of the transportation of any public conveyance of himself and such dog, so accompanying him in addition to the charge or fare lawfully chargeable for his own transportation. Whoever deprives any blind person of any right conferred in this section shall be punished by a fine of not more than THREE HUNDRED (\$300) DOLLARS."

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS IN BRAILLE

1st Edition

Limited number being offered!

Send the name & address of your sightless friend with your \$5.00 donation to:

### PROJECT BRAILLE

180 Longwood Avenue  
Boston 15, Massachusetts

MAKE IT YOUR BUSINESS TODAY TO FIND OUT IF THE BLIND PEOPLE AND THEIR GUIDE DOGS IN YOUR STATE HAVE THEIR RIGHTS TO FREQUENT PUBLIC PLACES WITH THEIR GUIDE DOGS PROTECTED UNDER YOUR STATE LAWS.

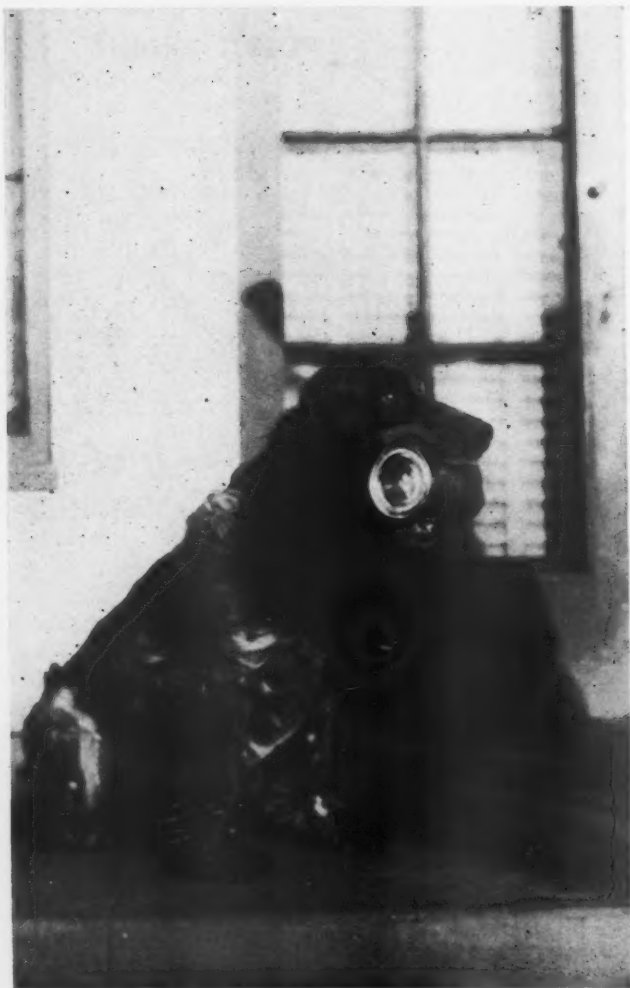
## Quotable Quotes

"I have been receiving Animals magazine for a long time in the ink print edition. It was very seldom that I could get anybody to read to me and if I did succeed to get someone, they had time to read only one article of their own choosing. Now that I have received my first copy of *Animals in Braille* I have been given a new world to live in among my animal friends. . . . No words in the dictionary can ever express my gratitude to you and my deep appreciation for your efforts in making blind animal lovers happy." —Etta K. Knowlton.

Send your dollars to Project Braille in order that we may firmly establish a free circulating library for schools, libraries and institutions catering to sightless children and adults. Project Sight-Saver has been undertaken to assure the poor-sighted the opportunity of obtaining a sight-saving edition at least once a year of stories taken from the regular edition of *Animals*. See page 18 for a sample of the size of type to be used in this proposed edition. Send your donation right away! Project Braille/Project Sight-Saver, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

By popular demand we present

# "The Best of Mr. Blue" "Mr. Blue," Shoplifter



Every day for more than a week, Mr. Blue had helped himself to one sixty-cent can of salmon from Mr. Jones's corner grocery.

I WOULDN'T have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. But there he was, walking brazenly down the street with a sixty-cent can of salmon in his mouth!

And this wasn't the first time it had happened, either. Every day for more than a week, "Mr. Blue" had been helping himself from Mr. Jones's display at the corner grocery.

It all came about when Franklin White, the little boy whose mother cooks for the family across the street, asked if Mr. Blue

might accompany him to the store to help carry home his purchases.

Against my better judgment I allowed Mr. Blue to go, knowing that Mr. Jones, whose store is small and who utilizes much of the sidewalk to display his goods, dislikes dogs who get too familiar with his merchandise, and that while Mr. Blue is a gentleman at home, he's not above doggy tricks when abroad.

Just how Mr. Blue managed to select salmon each time from the ten or twelve pyramids of similarly canned foods, I don't know, but he did, and I had to pay for his keen sense of discernment.

The first I knew of Mr. Blue's venture into a life of crime came when Mr. Jones called up to say that he had reached the end of his endurance and to threaten Mr. Blue with immediate impounding if he did not change his ways.

"She's too much," he cried, almost annihilated by his emotions. "Every day this Mr. Blue comes to my store and takes one can of my very best salmon. First time I say, 'What's the difference? What's sixty cents? Mrs. Morris is a good customer!' Second time I say, 'What's the matter with Mrs. Morris letting her dog do this thing. . . .'"

"But I don't allow Mr. Blue to steal," I interrupted. "There must be some mistake. Mr. Blue has never brought a can of salmon or anything else home and I'm sure he didn't open and eat it on the way. However . . ."

At that moment I chanced to glance out the window and what I saw caused me to stutter. There, coming down the street was Franklin White and Mr. Blue—Franklin with a loaf of bread under his arm and Mr. Blue carrying what looked like a can of salmon.

By the time I'd heard Mr. Jones out and had promised to check on Mr. Blue, boy and dog were out of sight.

I arrived at the house across the street just in time to see Franklin serve Mr. Blue a pink oval of salmon on an exquisite Haviland dinner plate.

"You rascal!" I said, addressing Mr. Blue, who destroyed the evidence in two thirty-cent gulps. "How long has this been going on?" I asked, turning to the boy.

He looked at me with eyes wide with innocence. "You mean how long Mr. Blue's been helping himself at Mr. Jones's?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

Franklin scratched his head. "Don't rightly know. Reckon the only way I can tell is by countin' the cans in the can box—but that won't help much, 'cause I can only count to ten."

"Heavenly days!" I muttered, as we returned to the street.

Franklin was very helpful and at the end of five minutes had uncovered twelve salmon cans. This meant that I owed the grocer not only an apology, but seven dollars and twenty cents.

The next few minutes I spent in alternately scolding Mr. Blue and lecturing Franklin on the wickedness of shoplifting. When I'd finished, neither boy nor dog seemed greatly impressed.

"You do understand what I am talking about?" I asked in exasperation.

Franklin nodded, but there was a mischievous twinkle in his big, black eyes. "Yessum," he said, "but it seems to me, Mr. Blue done good by himself."

"He certainly did," I muttered, ruefully thinking of the seven dollars and twenty cents and wishing I had the strength of character to put him on a ration of dog biscuits and water for the next ten days.

## A Tail or Two

By ELIZABETH G. IRVING

**E**DDIE AND GOLDIE were chums. Eddie's family had been apartment dwellers for many years and promised themselves when they were building a house that their first acquisition would be a cat. To this end they ordered a yellow tom-kitten from a friend whose mother cat had just had a litter. Eddie was delivered to the new house of his future doting foster family.

Meanwhile in a little pink and grey cottage, another little yellow tom cat came from the other side of town to live with the children there. His name was Goldie.

Eddie belongs to fussy grown folks who kept him in for a few days because he was so little and so strange. Goldie belonged to three little boys and girls who took him out to romp and play immediately. When they saw Eddie in the window, they asked him out to play with Goldie. So they met . . . and it was just like two little boys making friends. From that moment on they were inseparable.

Each morning Goldie would call for Eddie, or Eddie would call for Goldie, and together they would search the yard for amusement. Goldie was chubby and brave; Eddie was a thin wistful kitten, all eyes and ears in spite of stuffing with cream and hamburger. Together they snoozed on each other's porches. On windy days you could see Goldie saying to Eddie: "Shall we go chase leaves for a while now?" Or Eddie saying to Goldie, "How about going down to the field to look for mice, huh?"

Together they went across the street to school. Together they were politely sent home, to return together to their own yards, side by side. Together, they went up the street to visit their neighbor, Susie Cat, and were soundly slapped by this aggressive damsel and sent home.

Eddie attended barbecues in Goldie's yard. Goldie had breakfast and spent the week-end with Eddie. In the fall they chased one another endlessly wrestling wildly and scurrying madly in heaps of yellow leaves.

In the winter, they discovered snow for the first time, and pushed one another ecstatically down a slippery slide into the drifts.

People said it would not last, but although they grew and grew, their friendship grew with them, and it seemed as if it would last all of their lives. But this friendship, alas, ended abruptly when Goldie ventured onto the highway and was injured critically. Brave to the last, he dragged himself home to his own porch and then expired, leaving a forlorn little yellow cat-friend, who to this day searches for his old companion, going hopefully each day to the doorstep where they had always begun their day's amusements.

Goldie and Eddie plan their day.



June, 1961



Position is what counts, discovers Robin.

## Feline, "Robin"

By HUGUETTE B. BLACK

**W**HEN our dog and cat passed away at the ripe old age of 15 years, we decided we were too old to raise another puppy or kitten. However, the lady who had boarded our pet cat called us to say that she had found a wee kitten in the bushes and would we come over to see him? She had 3 cats of her own, plus the cattery and couldn't keep him. We told her we were determined to have no more pets, but that we would go over and have a look at him. That was our downfall. You know what happened—we brought him home.

He was so small (weighed 1 lb.) that he had to be helped with his duties, bottle fed and burped. He was the ugliest kitten I had ever seen, all neck and stomach and his fur stuck out like ducks' feathers. But he was very clean from the start, and after one month of proper care and feeding he began to look like a cat should. I bottle fed him until he was six months old. He was four months when the picture was taken. I would put the bottle on the corner of the table, Robin would grab it with his two front paws. I would then put him on his back and he would fall asleep, just like a baby. We called him Robin because he chirped like a bird when he was sleeping.

He has been trained on a harness and leash and he loves to take US for a walk. He is rather wild and determined and we often say that he must come from delinquent parents, but we love him as he is very affectionate especially on cold nights when he loves to stretch himself alongside of me in bed and rest his paw on my neck. I am sure our neighbors thought we were slightly demented to give an alley cat so much care, but now that they see the results they have come to the conclusion that we are not as crazy as they thought. He turned out to be a very beautiful healthy cat. Our neighbors are starting to give better care to their cats. Robin has become their model.



# Loon Music



By C. MEACHAM

*The "laughing of the loon" is a never-to-be-forgotten sound!*

ONE of the most arresting voices to be heard from across the waters of our northern lakes is that of the common loon. There is a maniacal quality inherent in the call of this large diving bird which is hard to define. Once heard, however, the "laughing of the loon" can never be forgotten or confused with the voice of any other bird.

Loons are strictly aquatic birds. Their legs are placed so far to the rear that they flounder when they attempt to walk or run; but, even so, they can make fairly rapid progress by using both wings and feet in scuttling forward on the ground if circumstances necessitate seeking the safety afforded by water. They can't take flight from land. They even have some difficulty in rising from the water since they are obliged to run and flap along the surface for

many yards before acquiring sufficient impetus to gain altitude. Consequently, a loon is rarely ever seen on shore, except when building its nest and incubating its eggs. It is a popular belief that loons sleep while afloat, but there is much evidence that, in isolated areas, they seek the shore to rest.

The nest of the loon is a casual affair, usually a mere hollow situated at the water's edge. Islands or isolated shorelines are preferred nesting sites, but sometimes a muskrat house or sedge mat may support a nest. In any case, quick access to the water is a necessity.

Loons rarely, if ever, lay more than two eggs per nest. The young take to water almost immediately after they are hatched; however, it is common for the mother to

carry them on her back much of the time for a few days after hatching. In this respect, they emulate the grebes.

Loons are superb swimmers and divers. They can submerge slowly and swim with only the neck and head above the surface; or, as with the grebes, they can dive so quickly that they ordinarily can elude a gunner. When pursuing fish, on which they largely feed, they swim with the wings as well as the feet. By this method of literally flying under water they can overtake the swiftest fish.

Despite the fact that the loon is not strictly an inhabitant of the lakes in wildland areas, for me its voice will always be symbolic of the wilderness. Possibly, this is because I first heard it years ago while visiting the lakes which constitute in part our boundary with Canada.



# Sense, Not Slaughter

By DAVID A. RYAN

*Ponds, swamp grass and dumping areas in and around airports provide an ideal habitat for a great many species of birds*

A SITUATION resulting from a given set of circumstances is known as a cause and effect relationship. The causes must be discovered and acted upon to achieve a permanent change, called the effect. Thus it is with the problem of birds in large numbers frequenting some airports. The solution does not lie in expensive measures to destroy thousands of birds because in doing this we are treating the effect and not the cause. The airlines are not enthusiastic about mass slaughter, but they certainly want to eliminate the congregations of birds on runways.

Where lies the solution? Authorities have requested time to study the problem and determine an effective course of action at individual airports. They need to know what attracts the birds to a given place. When that is known and dealt with the cause will be eliminated and the consequent effect (large flocks of birds) will no longer plague airports.

The U. S. Navy faced a serious problem on Midway Island. The "gooney birds," black-footed and Laysan albatrosses, were colliding with aircraft. The Navy considered a gigantic shoot before a fatal crash resulted. Prior to this some of the birds were relocated on another island in hopes they would establish residence there. The dunes at Midway called them back. When the Navy bulldozed the dunes flat the birds moved away from the runways and the trouble has diminished measurably. This is a dramatic example of locating and removing the cause, thereby gaining a desired effect.

As long as favorable conditions exist, more birds will move in to replace those shot. Devices designed to frighten the birds are successful only temporarily—

crows soon overcome their fear of scarecrows.

Birds are an important natural resource. If they pose a danger to air safety something must be done. People tend to congregate where conditions are to their liking—why shouldn't birds? Discover what natural feature attracts them and change it. The birds will permanently move elsewhere. Air safety is secure on that point and the birds live on to serve their roles in the natural scheme of things.

One further suggestion by the head of the Federal Aviation Agency seems particularly appropriate also; design engines that are not seriously affected by the occasional ingestion of a bird.

These two avenues of action will bring about a really satisfactory solution to living at peace with all life.

#### Editorial Note

Sound wildlife management techniques will eventually solve the problem of the troublesome bird flocks at commercial airports, it has been predicted by experts.

However, certain immediate steps can be taken, e.g., it was found that one of the airports where a fatal crash had occurred provided an ideal habitat for a great many bird species. Numerous ponds between runways supported hundreds of ducks, herons, and gulls. *These ponds should be filled.*

Starlings had an attractive roosting area in the long grass that flanked the runways. *This swamp grass must be rooted out.*

It was also found that dozens of herring gulls liked to use the asphalt runways of the plans as roosting or "loafing" areas. Dumps around the edge of the airport and sewage and garbage disposal outlets within



Starlings roost in long grass.

flying range added to the problem. *Roost-in areas should be made unattractive to birds. Dumping areas, as well as sewage and garbage disposal outlets, should be relocated at greater distances from airports.*

Emergency steps can be taken to temporarily alleviate the bird problems. The use of various scaring devices, such as carbide explosives, has been suggested. The U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service are planning to band the various species of birds involved in the recent fatalities in order to trace their local movements. By such a study the desirable habitats can be pinpointed and, if they interfere with the airway traffic, can be made unattractive or eliminated.

---

**The Post Office Department has asked us to cooperate in helping to achieve the most efficient method of delivering your magazines. We have pledged our support. To this end we must include the zone number for each subscriber's address in cities that have zones. PLEASE, whenever writing to us, include your city postal zone number in your address—and when you move, please send your old address as well as your new one, with zones, if any.**

# Name the Animal

by J. Dyer

Reproduced through the courtesy of Am



The trail made by a dog when he trots and a cat when she walks, look very much alike. They both leave a right and left track with an equal distance between each footprint. However, if you study the dog's trail more carefully, you will see that each footprint is double. His hind paws have practically covered over the dents made by his front feet.

Now, if you discovered two footprints, one just behind the other, on alternate sides of the trail, you are looking at the walking track of a dog.

The coyote's walking trail is very similar, but when he runs, his footprints show all in a group. The two in front are parallel with each other. Naturalists usually call this "pairing" the footprints. The other two dents are at the back, one behind the other—to the right and left.

After you have read this article, draw pencil lines from each trail to its owner. There are three groups of puzzles, with four trails in each group. The arrow indicates the direction taken by the animal, and you are informed if he walked or ran over the ground.

In the second set of puzzles each animal has left four footprints in a group. Guess why? These creatures usually leap or hop over the ground, and all four feet touch the sand close together.

This kind of trail is sometimes called "groups of four."

If you study each group of four (footmarks) carefully, you may be surprised to see that the heavy hind feet have made dents in the soil just ahead of the marks made by the small front paws.

Creatures who make these odd trails are called "swing-

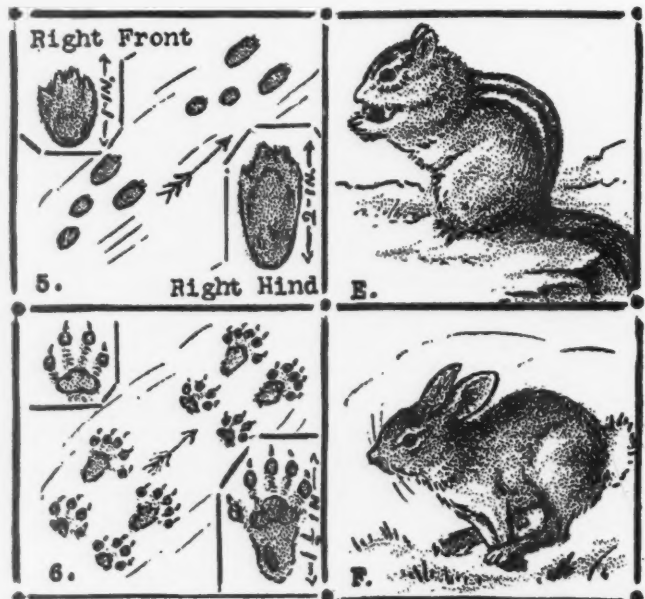
LET us suppose that you have just walked along a damp, sandy shore of some lake. Now turn around and study the trail that you have made with your shoes, or your bare feet. Then let us draw an imaginary line down the middle of your track.

If you study your trail carefully, you will see that the dents made by your left foot are slightly to the left of that line, and the footprints made by your other foot are on the right side.

The paw or hoof tracks made by animals usually have this right and left effect. However, when the sly red fox walks over the ground he leaves dents in one straight line. His hind paws cover the dents made by his fore paws.

A large number of animals have two different trails, a walking, and a running or bounding trail. The fox's bounding trail is very different. Here he leaves all four footprints in a group, with every bound.

We often come across a trail made by a dog or a cat in damp soil, a light fall of snow, or even in a cement sidewalk. Both dog and cat tracks are similar in shape. However, the dog's claw marks usually show at the end of his dents, and Mrs. Cat walks with her pins tucked in.



# Animal Footprints

Dyer Kuenstler

tesy of American Childhood and the author

steppers." Glance at the rabbit on the opposite side of the puzzle and you will discover why he earned that name.

You have probably noticed that the front and back feet of the creatures who made these trails are different in size and shape. The underside of each paw is given. The front paw will be found in the top left-hand corner, and the hind paw in the lower right corner of the square.

The rabbit brings his hind feet down parallel with each other, or nearly so. His small fore-paw dents show behind the larger marks, one a little way behind the other.

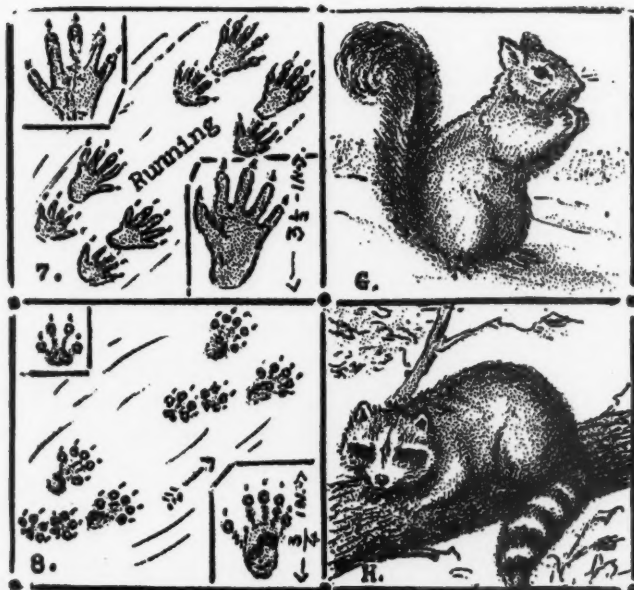
The tracks made by the squirrel and the chipmunk look somewhat alike. However, the chipmunk makes smaller footprints than the squirrel. And then, the chipmunk's front feet come down one behind the other. But the squirrel's fore-paws land parallel, just behind the parallel dents made by his hind feet.

The raccoon's four footmarks follow the pattern made by the squirrel. But the two tracks cannot be mistaken for each other, for the raccoon's front paws possess five fingers and are shaped something like a hand.

Now we come to the third and last group of puzzles. Here the animals leave tail-marks as well as footprints.

When the beaver walks over a muddy river bank, his heavy, flat tail drags on the ground and leaves a broad line, which goes slightly to the right and to the left as he walks. His webbed hind feet almost cover the dents made by his front feet. Two such footprints will be found in every slight curve of the tail mark.

The muskrat finds his thin, upright tail very useful when



he swims, but when he climbs a muddy bank, it drags in the damp soil and leaves a narrow, right and left trail. His front paws have four toes. We see their marks almost on top of the dents made by his hind feet.

The opossum's tail leaves a similar trail, but it can be recognized by his odd-shaped hind foot, which looks something like a hand with a large clumsy thumb. His front paws also have five toes.

The otter is another animal that leaves a tail-trail on the ground. When he jumps along, his tail drags on the ground for a short distance between every leap. His trail looks rather unusual. It is—two footprints, parallel with each other, then a length of tail-trail—two more paw dents, more tail-mark, and so on.

## The Answers

- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Dog (B)      | 7. Raccoon (H)  |
| 2. Fox (C)      | 8. Chipmunk (E) |
| 3. Coyote (D)   | 9. Beaver (L)   |
| 4. Cat (A)      | 11. Muskrat (I) |
| 5. Rabbit (F)   | 12. Opossum (J) |
| 6. Squirrel (G) | 12. Otter (K)   |



# Blackie's Amazing Ability

By MARY LEE RUARK



*Blackie acted very glad to see me and meowed loudly.*

**B**LACKIE was a cat and as handsome they come. We were extremely proud of his sleek coat and broad, powerful body. Although he had been deserted by his mother at the age of three weeks, we had been able to bring him and his little sister, Tiger, through. Perhaps this was one reason we felt so close to Blackie and why the following true incident affected us so deeply.

There was a pack of boxers that ran together in our neighborhood. One morning we heard a tremendous barking and with a kind of sixth sense, I knew they were after one of our cats. I ran outside and there beside a woodpile in our neighbor's garage stood Blackie. He was gallantly trying to defend himself against four of the big dogs. There must have been two hundred canine pounds pitted against Blackie who tipped the scales at only ten pounds. Despite such odds, he was a game little cat.

The dogs all ran as I came up. I picked Blackie up and rushed into the house with him. I laid him down on the sofa. He seemed to be on the point of death and was groaning with pain. Tiger, his sister

came up and meowed piteously. She knew something was terribly wrong.

We got a cardboard and laid Blackie in it. We rushed to the car with Blackie in the box, and drove as swiftly as we dared to the veterinarian. Blackie was still alive when we got there. He had a big swelling on his side and the doctor thought his lung might have been punctured. Naturally, we left him there and went on home. That evening the phone rang. I feared the worst and sure enough it was the veterinarian. He had not called to tell me Blackie was dead, though. Instead, he explained that Blackie had struggled free, as he was trying to give him an injection of some sort. Blackie had then headed for an open window and jumped right through the screen.

The doctor wanted us to go down to his office and search the grounds. He thought Blackie might come if he heard us calling him. For the second time that day we bundled ourselves into the car. This time we were armed with several flashlights. We scoured the surrounding neighborhood, calling until we were hoarse. We

looked under porches and bushes, but all to no avail. Saddened, we finally gave up and went home. That night everybody in our house lay awake worrying about Blackie, lost and hurt somewhere in the night. To make matters worse, the first cold snap of the season occurred that night and frost covered the ground.

The next morning, tortured by thoughts of poor Blackie, I awoke about five o'clock in the morning. I went downstairs and opened the back door to see just how cold it really felt. There on the steps was Blackie, alive and well! He acted very glad to see me and meowed loudly for his breakfast. Blackie ate a hearty meal and curled up on the sofa for a long nap. He appeared to have recovered completely from his mauling of the day before. We decided that if he wanted to be home so desperately, we were not going to take him back to the doctor.

How he found his way across busy streets and unfamiliar yards, past unknown hazards, the three long miles home remains a subject of awe in our household. What wonderful instinct, what a determined little heart, guided Blackie safely to us!

# Collar Torture

By ALBERT C. GOVERNOR

"The best trained and more dependable too, is trained through willing cooperation rather than fear of torture."

—Capt. Will Judy

RECENTLY at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital a case was brought to my attention that snapped me out of my feeling of complacency and well-being. It made me realize that this so-called age of brotherhood and enlightenment has given the attitude that cruelty and torture are terms that belong to the medieval past.

However, this is not the case. . . .

A kindly middle-aged lady wished to buy her miniature poodle a new collar for his birthday. She went to a local pet shop that specialized in bathing and clipping. The proprietor, using high pressured salesmanship . . . the so-called "hard sell," insisted she buy the "training" collar pictured here. You'll notice that the collar consists of a series of metal links that have two prongs on each one, which when worn by the dog presses directly against the neck of the dog. Supposedly, if the dog gets a little frisky while he and his master are taking a walk the amount of "pull" the dog exerts causes the prongs to press against the dog's neck and he will stop pulling almost immediately. The little old

lady seemed to be very hesitant to buy this collar because as she looked at it it made her shudder. The proprietor felt his "sale" slipping away from him and retorted that this was the best collar on the market because of its dual purpose, and that it cost only \$8.00! Furthermore, he assured his prospective lady-customer that dogs had "no feeling in their necks" and that any amount of pressure could be applied without causing "pain" to the dog; however, it does make the dog "uncomfortable" and thus, the dog releases his pull. Unfortunately, the lady accepted the information and advice given to her by the proprietor. "It takes two to tango" . . . there must be a seller and there must be a buyer . . . however, there is no reason for the product being a thing of torture.

Any salesman, trainer, owner, or manufacturer who is attempting to foist this so-called training collar on the dog-owning public should be made to wear these collars. The use of such an instrument of torture is evidence of inefficiency.

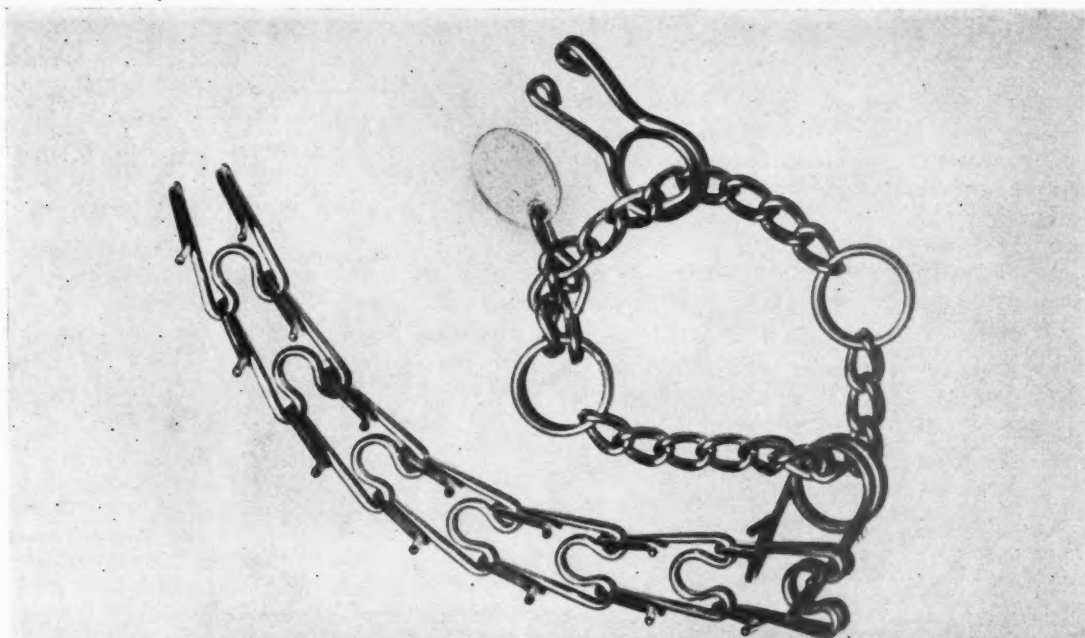
The lady bought the collar and put it on her dog and took it off only on rare occasions. She noticed a change in her dog. He became nervous and snappy. Yet, it was not until it came time to renew the

dog license that the lady became aware of the fact that the dog's neck was being irritated by the collar.

She brought her dog for treatment to the Angell Memorial, Boston, Massachusetts. Upon examining the dog more closely the veterinarian found eight punctures in the dog's neck, each of which had become infected as a direct result of the collar's prongs, not only causing the punctures, but also making constant irritation.

*Look again at the collar.* You may ask yourself . . . how could anyone buy one of these collars? Believe it or not there are trainers in this country who use these collars exclusively for training purposes!

Only by public opinion and by public pressure can this type of cruelty be stopped. The dog-owning public can always make their feelings known, if not by putting pressure on legislative-making bodies, certainly by exercising the control of "the purse strings." If people stop buying these collars, manufacturers will stop making them, proprietors will no longer have a supply of these collars to sell, and gullible non-thinking dog owners and inefficient trainers will thus, be unable to purchase these devices of torture. *Look, read, think, and then act!*



Would you care to wear this "training collar" which has spikes on the inside and pierces the dog's skin when the dog "pulls"?

# Chinese

## "Zodiac" Animals

By JEWELL CASEY



*Oxen are the symbol of spring and farming.*

THE Chinese reckon time in "cycles of sixty" years, similar to the way we count time by centuries. These Cycles of Sixty are divided into twelve-year periods, and for each period there is a symbolical animal — somewhat like the signs of the zodiac in our calendars for the twelve-month periods.

The Chinese have many interesting popular beliefs concerning these animals, which include: rat, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, monkey, cock, dog, and bear. Not only does each creature have complete power over its particular year in the cycle, but it also has power over certain hours in each day. For example, the rat—at the top of the list—is in power from 11 P.M. until 1 A.M., the ox, from 1 to 3, and on down the line, each in its turn rules for two hours out of every twenty-four.

The rat is a symbol of industry and prosperity, due to the fact it always secures food, and has the unusual ability of hoarding food against famine. Regardless of the fact that in some sections, rats are a real menace in the destruction of silkworms, the Chinese seldom try to kill one. . . .

The ox, because of its great service to the farmers, is most deserving of being the symbol of spring, and farming. An ancient custom of the Chinese was the annual ceremonial ploughing at the beginning of the spring season. On this occasion the Emperor would hold the ox-drawn plough for the opening of three furrows. There is a popular belief that huge bronze images

of oxen can dispel evil water spirits, and frequently such images are placed along rivers to prevent river dragons from destroying dikes at critical points. There is also a popular and somewhat strange belief that the ears of the oxen are useless, but the animal can hear with its nose!

The tiger, lord of all land animals, is the emblem of dignity and sternness. To Chinese soldiers the tiger is a model of courage and fierceness. According to an old legend, ashes from the burned whiskers of the tiger will cure many ills, including toothache. . . .

The hare, which reputedly lives to an age of 1,000 years, is the symbol of long life. It is believed that at the age of 500 years the hare turns white, is accepted as a servant of the genii, and taken up to live in the moon where beneath a cassia tree it compounds drugs of immortality. . . .

The dragon, mythical creature, is lord of all water creatures—just as the tiger is lord of land animals—hence the dragon and tiger are believed to be the two great forces of the universe. Supposedly there are nine species of dragon and each specie is used as a decoration in the place corresponding with its outstanding trait. The dragon is symbol of vigilance, the famous Nine Dragon Spirit Screen in the Imperial Palace was supposed to have kept all evil spirits away from the Emperor. . . .

The serpent, generally known as the "long worm," is the symbol of evil and cunning. However, one is seldom killed because of the belief throughout China that fairies, elves, and demons can take on the disguise of the "long worm."

The horse, symbol of speed and perseverance, also comes in for its share of superstitious beliefs. For example, the wart-like growths above a horse's knees, known as "night eyes," enable a horse to see in the dark. Using the skull of a horse as a pillow is a cure for insomnia. The seventeenth century description of a good horse follows: it should have ears like willow leaves; a tongue like a two-edged sword; tail like a comet; neck like a crowing cock, and its mane should be soft and have 10,000 hairs.

The goat, "hill-sheep" to the Chinese, is symbolic of retired life.

The monkey, although symbol of trickery, is feared and respected by people who are either ill, or those who are unsuccessful in business. It is believed that if properly treated, the monkey, which controls all hobgoblins, will keep other misfortunes from coming one's way.

The cock, supposedly able to change quickly into human form and capable of bringing either good or evil upon people, is the bird of fame. When appearing with the peony in decorations, the cock indicates riches and honor. As a fire preventive, a picture of a red cock is fastened to the wall of a house. The early-morn crowing of a cock frightens away ghosts.

The dog is most valuable to the Chinese as a guard for the premises. The appearance of a strange dog at one's doorstep is considered a good sign, as it supposedly foretells the coming of wealth.

The wild boar, symbol of the wealth of the forest, in reality destroys instead of bringing wealth. In the regions where there are Buddhists, boars are given full protection, no matter how much damage they do to crops and food supplies of the villagers.





A monument to the devotions of two beloved friends—Shorty and Bum.

# On Golden Streets

By AGNES M. PHARO

*"The Capitol of the Burro World" pays tribute to a "Rocky Mountain Canary" and his pal.*

ON the courthouse lawn at Fairplay, a small mountain town in Colorado, citizens have erected a monument to the devotion of two animals—Shorty, a Burro, and his pal, a dog named Bum.

Fairplay has great affection for animals, especially burros, because so many of them have worked long and faithfully beside their masters in the mines that pock the surrounding hills. Old Shorty was no exception.

He had lived some forty years, and folks had given him the run of the town. He could go anywhere his fancy dictated, he knew. It hadn't taken him long either to discover just which merchants were the easy marks who would hand out cookies, cake and candy. Shorty's panhandling

technique was perfect. He would amble to a door, ears drooping sadly, and bray until the proprietor came out with the expected treat.

Then one day, an undernourished mongrel dog appeared in town. Almost immediately, he and Shorty struck up a friendship which was to last till death. Fairplay christened the newcomer "Bum," and the two animals became a familiar sight rambling the dusty streets together, community pets.

So it went until a winter morning in 1951, when neither Shorty nor Bum were seen making their daily rounds. A search was started. Shorty was found lying dead at the side of the highway, his shaggy body torn and broken by a hit-run driver. Near-

by stood Bum, keeping vigil over the Burro's lifeless form. The mountain wind was icy and Bum was shivering. Yet he was waiting patiently for his old friend to get up so that they might again trot along together.

The searchers took Shorty away, and brought Bum back to town. But he was never the same after that. It was only a month later when he wandered back to the highway, where he, too, was killed by a car.

It may be that, in some heaven where faithful animals go, these two beloved pals are still walking together—perhaps now on golden streets instead of dusty ones. And the town of Fairplay honors their memory.



# The YOUNG



Edna Mackham.

If I just pet my neighbor's cat,  
Chum is as jealous as can be,  
And he's not satisfied until  
He chases her up in a tree.

## Pen-Pals Unlimited

**A**TENTION! All junior high and high schoolers! Animals Pen-Pal Club has members of many countries between the ages of twelve to eighteen who are anxious to write to you in English or in their own language. This school year extend your circle of friends to include at least one boy or girl, one young man or young woman from another country. This can be a practical application of your present language studies. Perhaps, in the near future you may even exchange visits instead of letters. Geographical knowledge of this world is very important in this jet age. The time barrier has been surmounted. Let us surmount the language barrier.

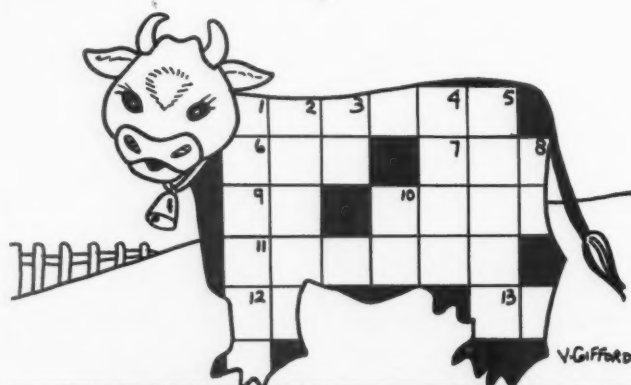
Write: ANIMALS Pen-Pal Club, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

## Make Raised Animals For Project Braille

**O**N page 13 of the May issue you will notice in the picture of the little blind girl reading Braille, a raised form of a dog mounted on heavy paper. Project Braille sponsored by OUR DUMB ANIMALS magazine is appealing for individuals and groups of young people to make raised animal forms as insertions for the Animals in Braille magazine that has been recently printed. While the sightless children are reading the Braille animal stories they can gain a mental image of the particular animal about which they are "reading."

Any group or individual interested in such an activity should write to ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., and request the *Raised Animals for Braille* directions.

The proper recognition will be given to any and all raised animal forms received. Youth Groups are also invited to participate. Spread the word of Kindness by your efforts in this worthy project.



ACROSS

DOWN

1.



6.

SUITABLE.

7. CLIMBING PLANT.

9. RURAL ROUTE - ABBV.

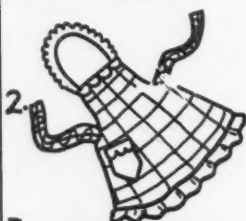
10. ABOVE.

11.



12. UPON.

13. OLD WAY OF SAYING "YOU".



3. STREET - ABBV.

4. TO EXIST.

5. EACH.

8. YEAR - ABBV.

# READER'S Pages



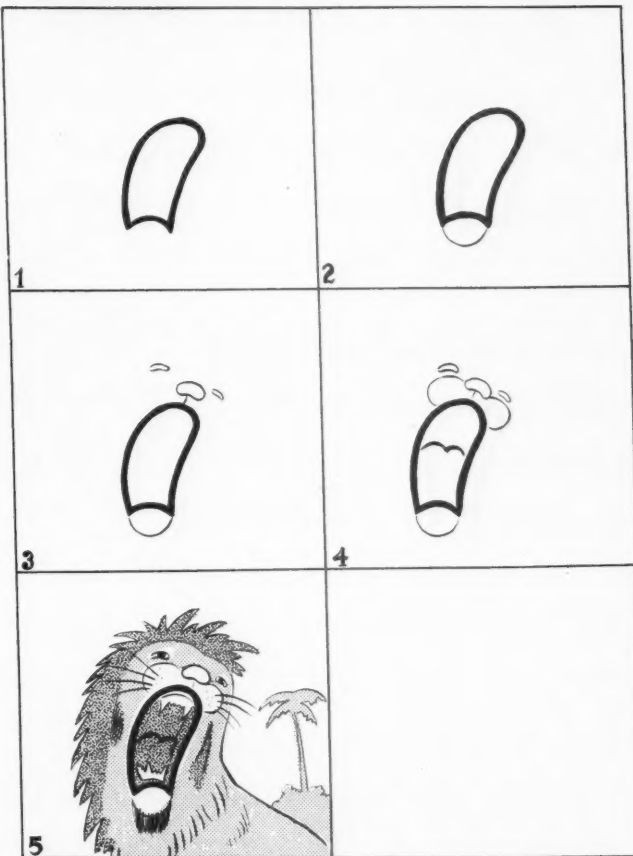
## Animal News Bits

By DEMARCO ANIMALINES

By DEMARCO



SCHOOL OUT



**Don't Delay — 8 to 18 yrs. old — Do It Today!**

Write: Mr. Governor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Massachusetts

Join: ANIMALS Pen-Pal Club Now!

Do you love animals? Then don't miss:

**CRITTER CORNER**

**WHERE:** Channel 4, WBZ-TV

**WHEN:** Every Saturday morning, 9:00 to 9:45 a.m.

**WHO:** John Macfarlane, host, and

an assortment of fascinating animal friends.

**EVEN YOUR PETS WILL LIKE IT!**

CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS: Across—1. castle, 6. apt., 7. ivy, 9. r.r., 10. over, 11. rocker, 12. on, 13. ye. Down—1. carrot, 2. apron, 3. st., 4. live, 5. every, 8. yr.



# *Project* "SIGHT-SAVER" *presents*

THE THIRD IN A SERIES OF SIGHT-SAVING STORIES

## Mr. Hogg's Quiet Joke

MR. Hogg seems to imagine that mankind is prepared to believe anything in respect to dogs which partakes of the mysterious, and accordingly plays off the following quiet joke upon his readers:—

"It's a good sign of a dog when his face grows like his master's. It's proof he's aye glow'ring up in his master's e'en to discover what he's thinking on; and then, without word or wave of command, to be aff to execute the wull o' his silent thocht, whether it be to wean sheep, or to run doon deer. Hector got so like me, afore he dee'd, that I remember, when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk, I used to send him to take my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed, he once asked me next day what I thought of the sermon; for he saw me wonderfu' attentive amang a rather sleepy congregation.

"Hector and me gied ane anither sic a look! and I was feared Mr. Paton would have observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspecting old man — a very Nathaniel without guile, and he jaloused nothing; tho' both Hector and me was like to split; and the dog after laughing in his sleeve for mair than a hundred yards, couldn't stand it nae longer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge into a potato field, pretending to scent partridges."

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

**I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)**

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

"Although shelter work is my special interest rather than pure-bred field, I was delighted with the material in **POPULAR DOGS** . . . looking forward to the next 11 issues."—Mrs. Geo. Bach, Lansdowne, Pa.

### POPULAR DOGS

Write for Free Sample Issue—  
Mention This Ad.  
2009 Ranstead St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

## ADVENTURE



## IN EDUCATION

**BECOME a Pioneer  
in a new and exciting  
EDUCATIONAL FRONTIER**

**June 18th - July 15th**

### LEARN OUTDOOR EDUCATION

- inexpensive vacation
- short courses
- nature field work
- graduate credits
- science enrichment

**FREE BROCHURE — WRITE NOW:**

**THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY**  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

or

**PROF. ROBERT H. FREY**  
Plymouth Teachers College, Plymouth, N. H.

## Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1960 Bound Volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be ready for mailing soon. The price for this handsome volume, bound in Maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is now only \$3.00.

Please send check or money order to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

### INTRODUCTORY OFFER

**6**

ISSUES OF

**Our Dumb Animals**

FOR ONLY

**\$1.00**

Send your check or money order to:  
**ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Ave.  
Boston 15, Mass.

**THIS OFFER IS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS ONLY!**

### INSTANT KINDNESS!

Any youngster would be delighted to receive a subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** as a birthday or "just because" present. Why not send in your order now and make some child happy. Take advantage of the 2-year offer at only \$3.50 for 24 issues. (See back cover.)

## Summer Gift Subscriptions

(12 sparkling issues for only  
\$2.00 per year)

Take advantage of our special  
club plan!

Five or more subscriptions ordered  
at one time are only \$1.50 each,  
per year.

It's the easy way to do  
your gift shopping!  
—saves Time, Effort, and Money  
—is sure to please all ages.

Send your check or money order  
NOW to: **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**,  
180 Longwood Ave.,  
Boston 15, Mass.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS IN BRAILLE

1st Edition

Limited number being offered!

Send the name & address of your  
sightless friend with your \$5.00  
donation to:

### PROJECT BRAILLE

180 Longwood Avenue  
Boston 15, Massachusetts

## THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN  
THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

OR

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

Since 1832

**J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.**

**Funeral Service**

Local—Suburban—Distant



# WAKE UP!



The Stoneham Independent

***Lower the cost of giving !***

**SPECIAL**

**2 YR.**

**OFFER**

**\$3.50**

(regularly \$4.00)

- ***Benefit Yourself***
- ***Your Home***
- ***Your School***
- ***Your Library***
- ***Your Friends***

**With 24 months of  
inspiring & entertaining animal stories**

***Don't delay !***

***Send this Coupon today !***

**2 YRS. of**

**ANIMALS**

**\$3.50**

***Subscriber's Savings Certificate***

I enclose my check for **\$3.50** with this 50c coupon

☐ Enter a subscription for 2 yrs. to the following:

**NAME** .....

**STREET** .....

**CITY** ..... **STATE** .....

(Additional names may be sent on a separate sheet)

☐ Extend my present subscription for 2 yrs.

**YOUR NAME** .....

**STREET** .....

**CITY** ..... **STATE** .....

Send to **ANIMALS—180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.**



